A

TOAST

FOR

A--n-n----e and Robbin,

In the French WINE.

5. Dec. 1711.

GReat *A--n*— be cautious and be ware,
Leſt for thee and *Robbin* lie a hidden ſnare,
For inticing Baits too often given are.
'Tis Neceſſity, the Motive of Invention,
Ha, forc'd your Enemy to balk your good Intention,
Of a vigorous proſecution of the War in Hand,
Leſt you bring him trembling to your Command:
To ſend you Wines the beſt that *France* affords,
To ſoften the Edge of your all Conquering Sword.
Treaties now, there needs none to be given,
Since you are bleſt with the Almighty Hand of Heaven,
For ſome great end, to him beſt is known,
And doubtleſs to pull the Tyrant down.
Bleſſed are the Peace makers, ſays the great Divine,
And may his double Bleſſings on your goodneſs ſhine,
Balk not then thoſe Bleſſings promis'd from above,
But move in the gentle Sphere of Peace and love;
Then doubtleſs you'l pleaſe a diſtreſſed Nation,
And bring them to your terms of Cabitulation.
Theſe Preſents are ſent with ſome ſecret Intention,
Contriv'd by the pious Brood, the Prieſts Invention.
To pleaſe your Self, Parliament and Converſation.
Harley too, whoſe Wiſdom doth ſoon deſcry,
The hidden Villanies of baſe *France*'s Spy,
And open the rugged Cover where the Snake lurking
At once your Royal Perſon than to ſtay. (lay,
Theſe Machinations are ſufficient to convince
Us of the ſecret Cruelties of the *French*.
Great *A--n*— this good Deſign do not forſake,
But let your Enemies of your Goodneſs to partake,
My Liege, may Heaven be your Guide,
To ſtop the Current of a ſwelling Tide
That ſurrounds your Royal Self on every Side?
Of Gainſayers, or Enemies of the *Whiggiſh* Tribe.
Who wou'd have rejoyc'd of late had you but d——d,
Who every where make a buzzing too and froo,
And like Bees labour the Peace for to undo.

May your Ecmies then be put to ſhame
Like thoſe that loſe their Subſtance by deceitful Games
Whilſt thoſe that wiſh well to your M---,
Poſſeſs a joyful Peace, and long Tranquility.
May your high Allies their full ſatisfaſtiog have,
In all their Demans from the French whoch they do crave;
And full content to all in general be given,
And all be bleſt with a joyful Peace from Heaven.
Then may each Nation with Plenty and Riches bound;
And ſeek for rich Treaſures on the Ocean round.
And every Subject to their Prince true Loyalty reſound

London, Printed for *John Turnham* near *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, 1711.

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